Musick & Poetry,

Mixed in Variety of

SONGS,

AND

POEMS;

Consisting of { *Love*, *Honour*, *Rallery*, and *Drollery*.

Composed, By *Tho. Jordan.*

Whilst guilty Greatness doth high Trophies raise,
Poor Poets are content with Bread and Bayes.

LONDON,
Printed for the Author.

M. IOHN CROS

To the Worthily Honoured,

M. IOHN CROS

SIR,

POetry and Poverty have so long co-habited, that they are now as inseperable as the bands of Wedlock, which is the cause that the *Mammonits* of this age fly from their society, as fair Ladies from the Smal-Pox; They are Persons to whom Poets with Presents of *Poetry* appear worse then Collectors for Chimney-pieces, which provokes me to Skreen my airy Compositions within the succouring protection of

of your Noble Name and liberal Nature, where ingenuity and bounty commixed, render Vertue in an *Angelical* complexion; I am assured you do not love flattery, therefore I conceive it cruelty to crucifie your Ears with *Pedantick Encomiums*, or such formal Praises as are calculated for any *Meridian*; I shall therefore submit my self (and the vanity of my Endeavours) to the candor of your Consideration, which if it cannot, with Equity, exhibit praise, it will, in Amitie extend Pardon to

Your perfect Honourer,

Tho. Jordan.

SONGS

The Royal Vision.

The Tune of Greece and Troy.

1.

LAte being tir'd out in a tedious march
I ſtretcht my wearied limbs
Under a Willow Arch,
In ſuch a ſhade by paſſion hurt,
Men croſt in love elect,
That fain would leave the world
At ſuch a ſeaſon, when the ſweet quire of
Had left the neighb'ring thickets
To the rule of Bats and Owls!
Cloſe by the flowry fringed verge of a ſtream,
Sleeping
Straight I thus began to dream.

2.

To my afflicted fancy appear'd
A Princely perſon
Was all in blood

Jordan. T.

The ruin'd raiments that she wore,
Were Kingly mourning Purple,
All beſprinkled with gore;
From her exuberous eyes troops of tears trickled down
Her head did wear a Church,
Inveſted with a batter'd Crown;
Many a woful wound her body did bear,
Like one fled from the furious hands
Of ſome ſalt Raviſher.

3.

On her Imperial Front ſhe wears
E N G L A N D
In golden Characters;
But ſo demoliſht now they ſhow,
As monumental letters made
A thouſand years ago:
Then as a torrent whoſe ſwift courſe was reſtrain'd,
Her flood-gates all flew open,
And with woe ſhe thus complain'd:
Oh whither bear you all my bees thus in ſwarms!
What fury ſo affrights ye,
That ye beat theſe loud alarms?

Oh you whom Peace and Plenty ſway'd,
Why in theſe wicked warlike Arms
Are you array'd?
Where is the foe? or having none,
What wonder works this wildneſs,
That you needs will prove your own?

You that when as you were inraged
Have vanquisht Turk and Pagan,
Or put Antichrist to flight,
But from what unredeemed spirit did spring
The plot of all your plagues,
To quarrel with a peaceful King.

5.

What Itch of Innovation wrought,
Your factious humours, when the Clergy
To the Block ye brought?
Or why my Pastors do you keep
In Prisons, whilst the Wolf abroad
Doth onely guard the Sheep?
But why (in brief) do you such strange crimes commit,
That want a proper name,
Or ever man was damn'd for yet?
Oh! woful Island, flow in tears no more,
Thy sheep are lost ith' pasture,
For their plenty proves their paine.

8.

Why with pretence of righteous Cause,
Do you destroy the antient
Liberties and Laws?
Or clad in Arms a furious fury
To fight against the guides
Of God-like Monarchy?
How can a wilde
Divided power do as much,
As *One that is Annointed,*
Whom it's terrible to touch?

E're such a strange inspired Crew
Granted be
Resolve to know the sad event
Of this short Prophesie.

7.

This great and glorious
Liberal Land
Seedless shall lye,
Alas! the Plow will want a hand,
And when the Field
No fruit affords,
Sickles shall be converted
Into life depriving Swords,
Strangers from farr
This fertile soil shall devour
Your Wives and modest Matrons,
Lust and Rapine shall deflowr,
Famine and Plague
Shall both at once walk the Round,
Then Swords shall be Physicians,
And by killing cure the wound.

8.

Churches and Towns,
With parallelles spire,
Shall vanish in the furious flames
Of unconfined fires,
Such shrieks from earth
To heaven shall flye,
That death will be less torment,
Then to hear each other dye.

Who ever famine 'scapes,
the ſword ſhall deſtroy,
A ſtory ſad and truer
Then the dreadful tale of *Troy*.
Frighted I wak'd
And on my knee did implore,
Some mercy for my forgon crimes;
And vow'd to fight no more.

The Farewell.

1.

FAir *Fidelia* leave me now,
I may no more,
Thy Deity adore,
Nor offer to thy ſhrine,
I ſerve one more divine,
And greater far then you;
Hark, the trumpets call away,
I muſt go,
Leſt the foe
Loſe the King and win the day.
Let's march bravely on,
Charge them in the Van,
Our Cauſe Gods is,
Though the odds is
Ten times ten to one.

2.

Tempt no more, I may not yield,
Although thy eyes
A Kingdom might ſurprize;

Leave off thy wanton tales,
The high-born Heire of *Wales*,
Is mounted in the Field,
Where the loyal Cestry flock,
Though forlorn,
Nobly born,
Of a near decaying stock,
Cornish boyes be bold,
Never lose your hold,
He that loiters,
Is by Traytors
Basely bought and sold.

3.

One kiss more, and then farewell,
Nay now give o're,
I prethee fool no more;
Why cloud'st thou so thy beams?
I see by these extreams
A woman's heaven or hell.
Pray the King may have his own,
That the Queen
May be seen
With her Babes on *Englands* Throne;
Rally up your men,
One shall vanquish ten:
Victory we
Come to try thy
Favour once again.

The Resolution. 1642.

1.

Ask me no more why there appears
Daily such troops of Dragoneer;
Since it is requisite you know
They rob *cum Privilegio.*

2.

Ask me not why the Gaole confines
Our Hierarchy of best Divines,
Since 'twas allow'd by full consent,
The Priviledge of Parliament.

3.

Ask me no more why from *Blackwall*
Such tumults come unto *White-hall*,
Since some in Parliament agree,
'Tis for the Subjects Liberty.

4.

Ask me not why to *London* comes
So many Muskets, Pikes, and Drums,
So that we fear they'l never cease,
'Tis to procure the Kingdoms Peace.

5.

Ask me no more why little *Finch*
From Parliament began to flinch,
Since such as dare to Hawk and Kings,
May easily clip a Finches wings.

6.

Ask me no more why *Strafford*'s dead,
Or why they aim'd so at his head;

Faith all the reason I can give,
'Tis thought he was too wise to live,

7.

Ask me no more where's all the Plate
Brought in at such an easie rate,
It to the owners back they'l bring,
In case it fall not to the King.

8.

Ask me not why the House delights
Not in our two wise Kentish Knights,
Their Counsels never were thought good,
Because they were not understood.

9.

Ask me no more why *Lincsey* goes
To ceaze all rich men as his foes,
Whilst Countrey Farmers sigh and sob,
Yeomen may beg when Knights do rob.

10.

Ask me no more by what strange slight
London's Lord Major was made a Knight,
Since there's a strength sprung out of war,
That can at once both make and mar.

11.

Ask me no more why in this age,
I sing so free without a cage,
My answer is, I need not fear,
All *England* doth the burthen bear.

12.

Ask me no more (for I grow dull)
Why *Hotham* keeps the Town of *Hull*,

I'le answer ye one word for all,
All things are thus when Kings do fall.

The Kingly Complaint.

The King Imprison'd at Holmby.

The Tune, 1. *In faith I cannot keep my self.*

I Am a poor and patient King,
Though some are pleas'd to call me Pope,
But yet I have a holy hope,
God will relieve my suffering,
By letting Peace and Plenty spring,
That every man may have his own,
Then I shall sit agen upon my Throne.

2.

The Royal Consort of my age,
That hath so oft my Cradles crown'd,
With false aspersions, they do wound
According to their holy rage
My simple Subjects they engage,
And arm them with a proud pretence,
To bring me home in beating me from thence.

3.

A *Reformation* next is sought,
Episcopacy must go down,
A Tinker's art must mend the Crown,
By Weavers we may well be taught,
But now at last they have us brought
O're many rigid Rocks and Shelves,
They are contending what to be themselves.

I My

4.

My Countreymen I most commend,
For they have made the most of me,
Alas! it was their poverty;
They did it to no other end,
But they have too much valued Me,
And over-priz'd my Innocence,
They could demand no more then *thirty pence.*

5.

A rout of Rebels ring me round,
Such is the King of *Englands* Court,
Who but to please their Pride, in sport
Have brought my Peers unto the ground,
They chase me like an Infidel.
Or one that Christian Blood betray'th,
Although I write, *Defender of the Faith.*

Rebels Market. 1646.

1.

NOw that the holy Wars are done
Between the Father and the Son,
And that we have by righteous fate
Distrest a Monarch and his Mate,
Forcing their Heir flye into *France,*
To weep out his Inheritance.

2.

Let's set open all our Packs,
Which contain ten thousand wracks,
Cast away on the Red Sea,
At *Naseby* and at *Newberry*;

If then you'l come provided with gold:
We dwell
Close by Hell,
Where we sell
What you will,
That is ill;
For Charity there is cold.

3.

If by thee a Murther came,
We can give't another Name;
But alwayes provided thus,
That thou hast been one of us,
Gold is the God shall pardon the guilt;
We have
What shall save
Thee from Grave,
For the Law
We can awe,
Though a Princes blood be spilt.

4.

If a Church thou hav'st bereft
Of its Plate, 'tis holy theft;
Or for zeal-sake if thou beest
Prompted on to spoil a Priest,
Gold's a prevailing advocate;
Then come,
Bring a summe,
Law is dumb,
And submits
To our wits,
For Policy guides a State.

The Leaguer.

1.

JOyn thy ennamel'd cheek to mine,
I'le bring thee where is raſie Wine,
And where a loving Leaguer's kept,
Where many tankard tears are wept
For the Caſh
That is gone, that is here,
Joy and grief in a tear,
We will waſh:
There we ſtudy Revenges,
Make Plots without hinges,
More Black then the fifth of *Novembers*;
In our Pipe and our Cup
Our Eſtates are rak'd up,
Till our eyes twinkle like to the embers.

2.

There with a ſack-incenſed face,
In ſpeckled ſtate and flaming grace,
With dabbled doublet doth appear
The curral front of Cavalier,
With a bowle
Full of ſack, ſuch as can
In the moſt dying man
Raiſe a ſoul,
And forbids any venter,
The Leaguer to enter,
Or near it commit ſuch a treſpaſs.

If his cheeks do not shine
With the blood of the Vine,
And his Nostrils appear like a Respass.

3.

In *Fletcher's Wit*, and *Johnson's* style
There will we sit and fret a while,
Cursing the puddle of their brains,
That pull'd down grapes, and put up grains;
They are foes,
Who Bagpipes for Shalmes
Deal in small Bear and Psalmes
Through the Nose:
May want of drink grieve'm,
And no man relieve'm,
Till scorching inform them what hell is;
May *Houndsditch* and *Towerditch*,
With *Moorditch* and *Shoreditch*,
Be emptied to fill up their bellies.

4.

May all the ills that can be thought
Either too heavy or too hot
Light on his belly and his back,
That envies us the joyes of Sack;
Let him dye,
Or let him live with so much strife,
That he may beg to lose his life,
Till he cry,
Good-fellows forgive me,
If you dare believe me,
By the soul and the sword of a Lay-man;

I'le

I'le draw out my Whinyard,
And set up the Vineyard,
In spight of the Devil and Dray-man.

The Discovery.

A Pastoral Song in two parts, being a Dialogue betwixt Alexis *and* Eliza, *a Shepheard and Shepherdess.*

1.

Eliza. SHepherd I will tell thee news,
That I fear will scarce delight thee;
Alexis. Let me hear the worst ensues,
Spoke by thee it cannot fright me,
Angels voices me're abuse.

2.

Eliza. Walking late on yonder Plain,
A Shepheard at our meeting grumbled;
Alexis. Tush, 'twas but a Rural Swain,
For his pains he shall be humbled,
If we ever meet again.

3.

Eliza. 'Tis reported thou and I
Are intwin'd in Love's embraces:
Alexis. 'Tis because that we do flye,
From those Lads and sun-burnt Lasses,
Which were once our Company.

4.

Alexis. But what ever they surmize,
Let not your own tongue betray you;

I'le

Their

Their ſuſpicions have no eyes,
Do not let your fears bewray you
To the traps which they deviſe.

5.

Eliza. But if they to me ſhould go,
And their true ſuſpicions mutter,
Alexis. Be you ſo wiſe to anſwer no,
When they imaginations utter,
Do you imagine 'tis not ſo.

6.

Both. Let us keep our Loves entire,
Like two Turtles of a feather,
In the heat of our deſire
Let us live and dye together,
Flaming ſtill in amorous fire.

A Chirping Cup.

DIng dong ding
Let the Bells ring,
Leave off your caring;
He is fool'd,
That thinks his gold
Is ſafe by ſparing;
Who doth know,
As times go,
Who ſhall have the ſharing;
Then to prevent all
Let's merrily quaff our Wine
To the King and his Conſort divine;

I prethee fill it as much as it will hold,
We'l swagger home,
Stagger home,
When we are fill'd,
And reel away misfortune.
More joyes bring,
Let the Boyes sing,
And Fidlers rant it,
We'l drink Wine,
Though the fingring
Presbyters shun it;
They that thus
Drink like us,
Never can be damned.
Then with Canary
Let every mans Cōbiet be crown'd,
In Sack let our sorrows be drown'd,
It is the right way our foes to confound,
We'l bang the Rogues,
Hang the Rogues,
For *Charles* his glory,
And that will end the story.

The Occasion.

How the Warre began.

I'Le tell you how the War began,
The holy ones assembled,

For so they call'd their Party then,
Whose Consciences so trembled;
They pull'd the Bishops from their seats,
And set up ev'ry Widgeon;
The Scotch were sent for to do feats
With Oat-cakes and Religion.

2.

They pluckt Communion-tables down,
And broke our painted glasses;
They threw our Altars to the ground,
And tumbled down the Crosses;
They set up *Cromwell* and his Heifs,
The Lord and Lady *Claypole*.
Because they hated Common-Prayer,
The Organ and the Maypole.

The Roundheads Revolt.

Tune, *Souldiers Life.*

1.

THen farewell say to a Souldiers life,
And welcome the Trowel and Spade;
For he that doth lye with another mans wife,
Shall a Cuckold himself be made.

2.

So he that purloyns the Commonweal,
And takes from other men
By Plunder, which is in plain English to steal,
Let him look to be plunder'd agen.

3.

Farewell to the trade of Musket and Blade,
Which nothing but mischiefs procures;
For by the endeavours of Coblers and Weavers,
The Land hath been govern'd by Brewers.

4.

And now my Comrades, fall close to your trades,
Leave Scepters to men that are high-born,
Though Treachery wins, when first it begins,
It commonly endeth at *Tyburn*.

5.

Let every thing conform to the King,
To *Englands* Church I'le be a true Son;
The way to be bang'd, and at last to be hang'd,
Is to mingle with *Baxter* and *Hewson*.

6.

The stars in their courses have routed our horses,
And made our King-murtherers Martyrs;
They are forc'd to yield the fort and the field,
Whilst Ravens do beat up their quarters.

7.

Those zealots that did Baptisme forbid,
And likewise Godfathers deny'd,
Who raised a War, in conclusion they are
Themselves by twelve God-fathers try'd.

8.

Then let the Bells ring, and pray for the King,
Let every one practise Obedience;
And let them all starve, who will not observe,
And take the good Oath of Allegiance.

A Catch Royal, 1641.

LEt the Drawer run down,
We'l sit and drink the Sun down;
Here's a jolly Health to the King;
Let him be confounded,
And hang'd up for a Roundhead,
That will not pledge me a spring;
Next to the Lady *Mary*
This beer-bowl of Canary,
I'le pledg't a Carouse were it ten;
When *Charles* his thoughts are eased,
And his great heart appeased,
We'l drink the Sun up agen.

The Change:

After the Death of Oliver, November 3. 1658.

The Air compos'd by Mr. Lock.

1.

TO what Idol now
Must our hallowed heart-strings bow?
The devil and we
Can never agree,
We know not to *who* or *how*;
Religion and Laws
Are crucified by his paws,
Our liberty
Is routed truly,
And so is the good old Cause!

The Rule of Right
Hath bid us good night,
'Tis Power is the onely Prevailer;
We dare not be known
To ask for our own,
For fear of Gibbet and Goaler:
For King we went
And Parliament,
By gunning to get them together;
But now well a day!
They are gunn'd quite away,
And we must be govern'd by neither.

Old *Noll*'s Noddle now
Were he living would tell us how
The Camp and Crown,
The Gun and the Gown
Might quickly make one of two;
King *Dick* the third,
Or *Harry* with his broad sword,
(Though men amiss)
Had taught us e're this
To quarrel about a word:
Their Launce and Laws
Had cudgell'd our Cause,
And made us submit to their Empire;
But *Richard* the fourth,
And *Harry* the ninth
Are men of genteeler temper.

The

The Church and State
Are governed by Fate,
'Tis Power hath the Peoples applauſes;
Our Courts are too tall,
Our Lawyers muſt fall,
The Sword's the beſt ſplitter of Cauſes.

'Tis not Majeſty
Did make us to diſagree,
'Twas an humble fire
Blown up by deſire,
To be but as high as he;
The Prelate and King,
Who cauſed our quarrelling,
Were much to blame,
We hated the Name,
But fain we would have the Thing;
Our Drum, our Gun,
Our Copper and Tun,
Which newly of ſo much renown is,
Can fitly declare
What ſpirits we are,
And what a bright Idol a Crown is:
But now let's caſt
What's left us at laſt
By Presbyter and Independent;
The People's foreſworn,
The Land is forlorn,
And this is the bleſſed end on't.

The Souldiers last Farewell.

Tune, *Hallow my Fancy.*

FArewell Fife, Drum and Trumpet,
Fortune is grown
A very lazy Strumpet;
She hath left us,
And bereft us
Of a Kingdom and a Throne;
We that were once
As fat as any mullet,
By picking of the bones
Of Plunder'd Pig and Pullet,
May throw away our Guns,
Our Powder, Match and Bullet;
Alas poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

2.

I that did lead up the Van-guard,
And with my Sword
Did many a valiant man guard,
Now am routed,
And am flouted,
Never a man will take my word;
Lame Souldiers may
Seek Hospitals and Spittles,
And (well a day!)
We must throw off our whittles,

In-

Instead of taking Pay,
We shall go beg our Victuals.
Alas, &c.

We fought for our Religion
Many a bloudy day,
And killed many a widgeon;
Law we sought for,
And we fought for,
Till we fought it quite away:
We cut down men
As Conies crop up Mallows;
Our Masters then
Did call us valiant fellows,
'Twas time to leave them when
They brought us to the Gallows.
Alas, &c.

4.

In Red-coat rags attyred
I wander up and down,
Since Fortune so conspired
To array me,
And betray me
To the Censure of the town:
My Buff doth make me boots,
My Velvet Coat and Scarlet
Must turn to Canvas Suits;
For Fortune is a Harlot,
These are the rotten fruits
That attend a fighting Varlet.
Alas, &c.

I have been in *France* and in *Holland*,
Guided by my ſtars,
I have been in *Spain* and *Poland*,
Ireland, *Scotland*,
And what not Land,
Brittain you know
Hath felt my deſp'rate ſlaughter,
I kill'd ten at a blow,
Even in a fit of laughter;
Gone home and made no ſhow,
But kiſt my Landlords Daughter.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

6.

My Valour ſo highly prevailed,
Meeting with my foes,
Who ſtrongly me aſſailed;
Though an hundred
Them I plundred,
And receiv'd not many blows;
This Faulcheon by my ſide
Hath kill'd more men I'le ſwear it,
Then *Guy* of *Warwick* did,
For he could ne're come near it;
And now I ſhall be chid
In time, if I do wear it.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

7.

For the King and the Kingdom
I was the man

That

That did strike ev'ry thing
I made Meeting,
Zealous greetings,
When the War at first
Jack Lilburn first,
Then holy *Nye* prevailed,
And I was nurst
By such as often railed,
And pious Preachers curst,
Who were to Prison haled.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

8.

I did about this Nation
Hold forth my gifts and tenets
The wayes of tolleration,
In that season
I spake treason,
And any thing within my reach
Then every trade
Was counterfeicly zealous,
Preachers were made
Of such as kept an Alehouse,
The Pulpit fitted them
Who were fitter
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

Surplice was Superstition.
Voted right or
By our Inquisition

Down went Crosses,
Tombs and Glasses,
The Liturgy we made a Song:
The Mytre and the Crown
Gave way to private Meeters,
The Riches and Renown
Unto the zealous Greeters,
Pauls Church was tumbled down,
To supply the wants of *Peters*.
But now poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

10.

I will go to the Village
Where I was bred and born,
And deal no more in pillage,
I'le go borrow
Plough and Harrow,
And sow the fruitful fields with Corn:
I'le leave off all
My Quarterings and Billets:
I'le never fall
Into the traps of Zealots;
But with my Sword I shall
Defend both Prince and Prelates:
Into my Countrey I resolve to go.

The discontented Churches, Jan. 4. 1661.
In two Airs, an Alman and Seribran:
Composed by Mr. Taylor.

1.

AWay now with the Drum
For the time is come

A Cavalier
May appear,
And [illegible]
Well rewarded for Loyalty
Royalty,
Because he hath been true to
Sinking Sovereignty
nk Wine freely my hearts,
For your high deserts,
So lately drown'd,
Shall be crown'd,
Cloth of gold
Will your wounded [illegible]
Bags untold
You every day [illegible]
Treasuries [illegible]
l Places of [illegible]
In the [illegible]
Sword or [illegible]
Your [illegible]
Therefore let us laugh,
And quaff,
And [illegible]
A merry go down,
The Kingdom [illegible]
ut hark what ill news abroad is told,
Plates sold
Are for Gold,
And I by my troat
Have not up to *London* brought

Above

Above a groat,
For which my throat
Must sing another [illegible]

Tune alter'd to the Scribrand.

I am a Cavalier,
It sadly doth appear,
My shirt's a cloat,
My elbow's out,
And never a Cloak to wear.
But I am grown so poor,
'Cause Fortune is a Whore,
She deals her Bonus
To Pantaloons,
That pimp and keep the door.
In Feather and Musk
Is merit enough
For Gesemine butter'd Squires
The lofty affairs
Of Plackets and Players
Do keep us still in the brown;
Yet others I see
Of better degree,
Or Truth is turn'd a Liar,
Whose heads though they be
Advanc'd very high,
Deserve to be set up higher.

e Devil's in them
t times be what
When Fortune
The minde to
The Devil guides the wheel,
eer Politiques are
naves in a several cut,
'Tis good or naught,
As they
For Conscience door is
Religion and Laws
Gild every
And make it shew
They carry
But nothing to do with the end on't:
We never did doubt
When first we went out,
And had no cause to fear,
When merit began
To march in the Van,
That Ingratitude was in the Rear.

4.

is Fortune's purblinde power
hat doth us all devour,
She sets up flatterie
She pardons Knaves
And Rebels every hour;
hilst Loyal hearts are

With

With begg'd and borrow'd bread;
They in Perfum'd
And plunder'd
Are daily worshipped;
But these are the men,
I speak it agen,
Which lately I did tell you on;
Whose fancies are fit
With weapons and wit
To raise up a new
Yet true Loyalty
In my heart shall be
An everlasting
In my Rags I will
God save our
And send him no more of a Souldier.

The Secret.

The Air composed by Mr. Taylor.

I.

WOuld I reveal my minde
I could declare,
And tell you why
That I
Come not nigh
You where you are,
But must conceal my minde
'Twixt love and fear;

Dum

SONG.

Dumb Melancholly,
Nothing more ſtrong,
You and my folly
Have done me wrong,
To give me love and grief and ne're a tongue.

2.

How my heart lov'd thee
My ſoul ſhall conceal,
And by what ſign
That time
Then was mine,
Faith I'le never tell;
Though thou haſt mov'd me
Enough to reveal:
Where ſhall we find her
That faithfull is,
All women kinde are
Like thee in this.
And do as thou haſt done, kill where they kiſs.

3.

Now I enjoyned am
To live apart,
Leſt by deſire
My fire
Do conſpire
To conſume my heart;
I am confined to
Smile when I ſmart,
Unleſs I take her,
Within my bounds,

I must forsake her,
Since Fortune frowns,
As Kings are forced to lay down their Crowns.

The Air composed by Mr. William Lawes, *Servant to his late Majesty.*

1.

Our Love if vertuous will shew forth
Some fruits of Devotion,
There's no Religion can warrant
A dishonest motion;
Would you entice me to give you respect,
You would not seek then my honour to infect
With poisoned potions:
If I ever did affect you,
'Twas in honour, but in ill ends
I must needs neglect you.

2.

That fort is feeble that words can subdue
With their battery,
'Tis better stop our ears, then set them
Open to flattery;
Shall I count that true which cannot be just,
Your sighs and sad silence I may not trust
With eyes so watry:
Take a Lover from a passion,
Like an image out of date
He stands quite out of fashion.

The

The Reply, by the Author:

1.

MY Love's as vertuous as yours is
Where you frame affection,
For so inflamed Religion
You keep in subjection,
I cannot tempt ye to give me respect,
'Tis not the crime but the man you reject
With words so zealous:
This fames trifle call'd Honour
Is a pretty witty cover
To conceal a Lover.

2.

What need a batt'ry be,
When as the fort is resigning,
You will ne're stop your ear
At your own servants repining;
Where we affect we do never mistrust,
you would spell Love, and chance to write Lust
No interlining:
Take a Lady in the humour,
When the Love-fit is upon her,
She'l ne're think of Honour.

The Courtier:

BE not afraid
Thou rarest

The faireſt
That ever was Maid,
Deny me not a kiſs,
No man ſhall ſee
The meaſure,
Of pleaſure
That I have from thee,
What hurt is there in this?
Then let's embrace, let all pleaſures be free,
The world ſhall ne're have knowledge
How delightful we be.

2.

I know that ſpyes
Both creeping and peeping
In each corner lyes
To hinder all our joy;
Cupid ſhall ſee,
And finde 'em to blinde 'em
That hinderance be
To the getting of a boy.
Then let's embrace, &c.

3.

Venus invites,
Fair Creature, Dame Nature
Made you for delights,
But yet to none but I;
Then I'le embrace,
And riffle a triffle,
Leave a jewel i'th' place,
You'l keep until you dye.
Then let's embrace, &c.

SONG.

The Ladies Answer.

NAy pish, nay fie
You venter to enter
A trespass so high,
You'l wish it were undone;
Should any spy;
They'd wonder, look yonder;
I see you'l not flye
The chase you have begun:
Since, then you've won me,
And all things are free;
If faith you will undo me,
If a tell-tale you be;

Now y'have enjoy'd
That measure of pleasure;
Indeed I'm destroy'd,
If I hear of it age;
Women do prove
Neglected, rejected,
When freedom of Love
Is told to other men;
since then, &c.

Oh take my heart,
I'le ever endeavour
That we never part,

Till death assign the time;
Wer't not to you,
Believe me 'twould grieve me
To do what I do:
O that Love should prove a crime,
Yet 'tis a fault
Of so sweet a degree,
I surely am perswaded,
Court nor Countrey goes free.

The Forfeiture: A Romance.

Tune, *Dear let me now this evening die.*

1.

YOu that do look with Christian hue
attend unto my Sonnet,
I'le tell you of as vilde a Jew
as ever wore a Bonnet;
No Jew of *Scotland* I intend,
My story not so mean is;
This Jew in wealth did much transcend
Under the States of *Venice*.

2.

Where he by usury and trade
did much exceed in Riches;
His beard was red, his face was made
Not much unlike a Witches;
His habit was a Jewish Gown,
That would defend all weather;

His

His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.

3.

Yet this deformed Father had
A daughter and a wise one,
So sweet a Virgin never Lad
Did ever set his eyes on.
He that could call this Lady foul
Must be a purblinde Noddy.
But yet she had a Christian soul
Lodg'd in a Jewish body.

4.

Within the City there did live
If you the truth will search on't,
One whose ill fate will make you grieve
A gallant Christian Merchant,
Who did abound in wealth and wit
In youth and comely feature,
Whose love unto a friend was knit,
As strong as bonds of Nature.

5.

A Gentleman of good renown
But of a sinking fortune,
Who having no estate of's own
Doth thus his friend importune.
Friend lend me but one thousand pound
It shall again be paid ye,
For I have very lately found
A fair and wealthy Lady.

The Jew his forfeiture doth win,
For three moneths are expired,
He is arrested for the debt,
The Court must now decide it;
The flesh is due, and now the Jew
Is ready to divide it.

10.

The Merchants Friend that had the gold
Now being richly married,
Offer'd the summe down three times told
To have his friends life spared,
'Twould not be took, but strait steps in
One in Doctors apparel;
Who though but young doth now begin
Thus to decide the quarrel.

Jew, we do grant, that by the Law
A pound of flesh your due is,
But if one drop of blood you draw,
We'l shew you what a Jew is;
Take but a pound, as 'twas agreed,
Be sure you cut no further,
And cut no less, lest for the deed
You be arraign'd for murther.

12.

The Jew inrag'd doth tear the Bond,
And dares not do the slaughter,
He quits the Court, and then 'twas found
The Doctor proves his Daughter.

Who for the love she long time bore,
From a true heart,
To be his wife, and save his life,
This subtle slight contrived.

3.

The Court consent, and they are wed,
For hatching of this slaughter
The Jews estate is forfeited,
And given to his Daughter;
She is baptiz'd in Christendome,
The Jew cryes out he's undone;
I wish such Jews may never come,
To *England* nor to *London*.

Love in Languishment.

Tune, *Have I not lov'd thee much and long.*

YOu to whom melting hearts belong,
That Lovers woes bewail,
And would not have true love take wrong,
Attend unto my tale.
The like to this is seldom known,
I will make your very souls to groan,
As if the case were all your own.

2.

A great man late a Daughter had,
Which now may not be nam'd,
She had two Suitors, good and bad,
Both by her eyes inflam'd;

But

But young *Philaster* was his Name,
A Gentleman of noble fame,
That her affections overcame.

3.

The tother was her fathers choice,
Antonio he was call'd,
Who with her feature, youth and voice
Was very much inthrall'd;
And though her Father bid her she
Should to *Antonio*'s suit agree;
She cryes, *Philaster* is for me.

4.

One day *Philaster* having walkt
Close by a River side,
He found a pretty boy that talkt
Unto himself, and cry'd,
Could I but now a master view,
To give my tender youth its due,
I would appear a Servant true.

8.

Philaster entertain'd him straight,
And sent him to his Love,
That he with her might live and wait,
And 'twixt each other move;
His pretty face did so engage,
She lookt upon his tender age,
More like a Brother then a Page.

6.

Betwixt them he so often went
With letters to and fro,

That

That it gave cause of discontent
To young *Antonio*;
Who cause he could not have his winge,
But all his love was off the hinge,
He secretly doth vow revenge.

7.

Phylaster and the Lady now
By *Cupid's* great command,
Are by the Priest with holy vow
united hand in hand;
But when the bonds of love were knit,
And that their fears were quite expell'd,
Their marriage joyes were all reveal'd.

8.

Her Father apprehends him streight
For stealing of his Heir,
He's hurried to the prison gate,
And she left in despair;
Antonio makes false witness sweare,
That fornication did appear
One day betwixt the Boy and her.

9.

For which they both are cast
Are to the prison sent,
Her father which did this invent,
Her love doth now lament,
Phylaster hearing this, doth say,
Must I thus lose my life for she
That's taken in Adultery?

10.

The Ladies tears not guilty prove,
Each eye so overflows,
To think her Honour and her Love
She in one hour should lose;
Justice against them doth proceed,
Two must be punish, tother bleed,
Love lies a bleeding now indeed.

11.

The Boy cryes out you do amiss,
For you do all mistake,
I am a Virgin, and did this
For young *Antonio's* sake;
This Suit which now you see me wear,
And all the course which I did steer,
Was 'cause he should not marry her.

12.

Antonio knows her, and doth vow
He'l marry none but she;
Phylaster takes his Love, and now
The Father doth agree:
Their lives were near the pulp of pike,
But now embrace, and soft hands strike,
May all true Lovers do the like.

The Revolution: A Love-story.

Tune, *No man loves fiery passions.*

1.

YOu that are crost in love, and fain would see
Some crosses like your own, give ear to me;

I have a story which doth plainly tell,
That Lovers hearts are tost 'twixt heaven and hell:
Therefore let him or her this place forbear,
That cannot vent a sigh, or shed a tear.

2.

A vertuous Lady, innocent and fair,
Who to a noble Knight was onely Heir,
Was to a Gentleman with quick dispatch
Contracted, but his brother scorn'd the match,
And therefore privately did plot to be
An enemy unto their amity.

3.

The costly garments, and the wedding cheer
Provided is, for now the day draws near;
The Bride-men and the Bride-maids are made fit,
To wait upon their venue and their wit;
And till the day, long look'd for, doth appear,
Each hour's a day, and every day a year.

4.

The brother that was hatefully inclin'd,
Did yet appear to bear a better minde,
And seem'd as much to like the Match as they
That every hour did wish the wedding day;
But mark what follows, and you'l quickly be
Assur'd 'twas nothing but hypocrisie.

5.

He hires a knave, whose love was closely ty'd
Unto the Chambermaid that serv'd the Bride,
And bids him in the evening go unto her,
And in her Mistress chamber seem to wooe her,

Desire

Desire her for your humour to put on
One of her Mistress Gowns that well was known.

6.

The fellow goes to her whom he did know
Could not to any thing he crav'd cry no,
The Brother to the Bridegroom quickly hies,
To fill his brothers soul with jealousies;
Quoth he, if you this strumpet Lady marry,
You and our Family will all miscarry.

7.

If you with two or three with me will go,
At night I'le shew you what you ne're did know;
That Lady which hath lockt your love in charms,
I'le shew you tumbling in anothers arms:
For though till now I ne're did tell you on them,
These three nights I have cast my eyes upon them.

8.

The Bridegroom though he lov'd her well before,
Hating to be the Husband of a Whore,
Doth with his brother go, (who was his guide)
To see (as he suppos'd) his wanton bride;
Where in her Mistress night-gown she was toying,
And with her plotting Sweet-heart closely playing.

9.

The marriage day is come, and now they go,
As some surmise, to make but one of two;
But when the Bridegroom took her by the hand,
He gave the people all to understand,
That she was known a most notorious whore,
And vow'd from that time ne're to see her more.

The

10.

The Bride fell in a swound, the father cry'd;
Alack for me! I would my childe had dy'd
Before this time had come, for much I fear
My sorrow will become my murtherer;
He caus'd her in this fit to be convey'd
Home to his house, and in her chamber laid.

11.

The Chamber-maid much fearing some mistake,
Desir'd her Sweet-heart that for her dear sake
He would disclose, or him she'd never own,
Why he would have her wear her Mistress Gown?
And after many subtle tricks of youth,
He did confess, and tell the naked truth.

12.

She tells her master how they had been us'd,
And by the Bridegrooms Brother thus abus'd;
Which when the Bride & Bridegroom knew they the
With joynt consent go to the Church agen:
Where they did knit a knot until they dye,
Which Men and Angels never shall untye.

The jealous Duke, and the injur'd Dutchess: A story.

Tune, *The Dream.*

1.

OF all the wedlock plagues that be;
None are so fierce
As Jealousie;

As you shall see drawn to the life
Between a Duke.
And's vertuous Wife,
He was a Duke of *Parma* in *Italy*,
His Lady great with childe
Was wronged by his jealousie;
He sends her unto prison guiltless of crime,
And in that sickly season,
When as she was near her time.

2.

Where afterward it came to pass,
She of a Childe
Delivered was,
A lovely Daughter, which they took
And brought it to
The Jealous Duke;
Who in a fury did protest as before,
The Infant was a Bastard,
And its Mother was a Whore:
The noble Lady that did bring it did cry,
The vertuous Dutchess suffer'd
Onely for his Jealousie.

3.

The Lady being much revil'd,
She goes away
And leaves the Childe;
He straight by oath enjoyns a Lord
Who made a conscience
Of his word:

Then

Then quoth the Duke, you must perform my command
Take shipping strait,
And bear this Brat into a forreign Land;
Leave it in any wilderness you can finde,
And let it there be nourished
Onely by the rain and winde.

The Nobleman is griev'd to do't,
But that his Oath
Enjoyns him to't;
The Dutchess hearing that her Childe
Was sent away
To Countreys wilde,
Falls in a swound, (her spirits all being fled)
The word was brought unto the Duke,
His wife was newly dead;
And that her last words were, (her eyes waxing dim)
Commend me to the Duke,
I ne're knew any man but him.

Her dying words the Duke believes;
And now alack
Too late he grieves;
For now the Lord (by his command)
Is in the Duke
Of *Padua*'s Land;
There he the pretty Infant layes down (as he
Had sworn to the Duke)
And now returns agen to sea:
But (by good fate) a shepherd that lost a sheep

Was

Was ſearching up and down that way,
And heard the Infant weep.

6.

The Mantle which the Childe did hold
Was rich embroidered
Cloth of Gold;
But when it was undreſt, he found
The value of
Two thouſand pound,
Beſides a paper where was writ down the Name:
This treaſure made the Shepherd ſtraight
To grow in wealth and fame;
He bred the Childe as decently as he cou'd,
But in its diſpoſition one
Might finde the parents bloud.

7.

At ſixteen years of age ſhe was
The prettieſt Nimph
That trod on graſs;
Once on a day when ſhe did keep
(As ſhe ſuppos'd) Her fathers ſheep,
A Gentleman which her fair face lookt upon,
Was ſtrucken ſtraight in love,
And 'twas the Duke of *Padua*'s Son;
Who from that hour would every day come to ſee
His Miſtreſs whom he lov'd like life,
Though of a low degree.

8.

Much love there was betwixt them both,
Till they contracted were by oath;

Which when his father came to know,
Then did begin
The Lovers woe;
For with extream outragious words he begun
To bid him leave her,
Or he'd never own him as a son;
The Prince did vow his love he ne're would withdraw
Although he loſt his father,
And the Crown of *Padua*.

9.

But having got much treaſure, he
Doth with this Virgin
Put to ſea;
After a while there was report,
They're in the Duke
Of *Parma*'s Court;
The Duke of *Padua* then for fear they ſhould wed,
Will follow, if he finde it true,
His ſon ſhall loſe his head:
But the old Shepherd fearing wrong ſhould befall,
His pretty witty Daughter
Doth reſolve to finde them all.

10.

The Bride and Bridegroom now in ſtate
Are going to
The Temple-gate,
The Duke of *Padua* with his trains
Doth ſtop them,
And forbids the Banes;
And to the Duke of *Parma* plainly ſayes, that

His

His ſon did flye from him
To marry with a Shepherds brat;
The Bride and Bridegroom by both Dukes in a breath
Commanded are to ſeparate,
Or they ſhall meet in death.

11.

Both are content, and are led on
Unto their
Execution.
They were to ſuffer both alike,
The Headſmans Axe
Was up to ſtrike: (town;
Hold quoth the Shepherd, I bring ſtrange news to
The Dukes were both amazed,
And the Axe was ſtraight laid down,
This Lady ſixteen years ago did I finde,
This paper and theſe Jewels,
For the Child is none of mine.

12.

The Lord that bore the Childe away
Seeing the Name,
Did boldly ſay,
Great Duke of *Parma*, this is ſhe
Which you did ſend away by me;
'Tis your own Daughter: then the Duke full of tears
Embrace them both, and now
Another Marriage day appears;
Bonefires and Bells, the Conduits all run with wine:
By this we ſee there's nothing can
Prevent the Powers divine.

The Double Marriage: A ſad Story.

Tune, *Amidſt the Mirtles as I walkt.*

1.

AMongſt all woes that ever we
Have felt, or elſe in ſtory read,
There is no greater miſery,
Then an inforced Marriage-bed.

2.

As I will ſadly make appear,
When I my ſtory ſhall unfold,
You will confeſs that you do hear
The ſaddeſt tale that e're was told.

3.

A Gentleman of good renown
Did dye, and left his Heir in ward
Unto the mercy or the frown
Of a moſt proud imperious Lord.

4.

This Gallant was a youth of worth,
His feature might affection move,
Who travelling into the North,
It was his fate to fall in Love,

5.

With a fair Lady of good fame,
And being on both ſides agreed,
They in one Contract mix their flame,
And ſeal it as their act and deed.

6.

No ſooner did their ſouls accord
In tears and kiſſes, oaths and vows,
But he is ſent for by his Lord
To *London*; now comes all the woes.

7.

The Lord his Guardian doth prefer
Him to a Lady of his kin,
The Gallant cryes, ſhould I take her,
I might commit a grievous ſin.

8.

I am contracted, Sir, quoth he,
To one I love no leſs then life;
And you know, Sir, that Contracts be
The greateſt bonds 'twixt man and wife.

9.

The Guardian by his power compells
The woful Ward to break his oath,
And (which all miſery excells)
Unto another plight his troth.

10.

He ſends into the North with ſpeed,
To her whom he by right ſhould wed;
Onely one line which ſhe doth read,
Forgive me, I am married.

11.

This broke her heart, but ſhe indites
An anſwer which much ſorrow bred;
For in one fatal line ſhe writes,
My Dear, Forgive me I am dead.

12.

Then with her knife ſhe made it good,
And by a deſperate ſtroke did prove,
Sealing it with her flowing blood,
That Life is nothing without Love.

13.

The Gentleman forſakes his Wife,
Such miſery this Marriage bred;
Quoth he, I'le never lead a life
With thee in an adult'rous Bed.

14.

I'th' wicked wayes he now begins
To riot all his vaſte eſtate,
His wife was brought to bed of twins,
The Mothers grief, the Fathers hate.

15.

His wife and children full of woe
And want unto their father come,
Who now in *England* doth not know
A place that he can call his home.

16.

His breach of Contract in his thought
Doth now (at laſt) ſo fiercely fall,
That by the devil he is wrought
To kill his wife and children ſmall:

17.

He draws his ſword, but by good fate
A meſſenger comes running in,
And bids him read a letter ſtraight;
Which done, my Gallant doth begin

18.

To be more temperate in his minde,
For thus it ſeems the letter ſaid,
Your Guardian that was ſo unkinde,
Much griev'd for you, is lately dead;

19.

He hath bequeath'd his whole Eſtate
To be onely at your diſpoſe,
And doth confeſs, though now too late,
He was the cauſe of all your woes.

20.

He bids you likewiſe, ſince you are
The Husband of another Wife,
That you will take her to your care,
And lead a loving peaceful life.

21.

This counſel he reſolves to take,
And loving to his wife appears;
Though often for his Contracts ſake
He venteth penitential tears.

22.

Thus have you ſeen *the miſery*
Which inforc'd Marriage doth procure;
Therefore let all forewarned be
Never to break that are made ſure.

The Broken Contract.

Tune, Cloris *farewell, I needs muſt go.*

1.

YOu that are ſafe and ſound in ſoul,
Whoſe mindes are well, and hearts are whole,

Attend my tale, for I impart
The ſorrows of a broken heart ;
So ſad it is, that much I fear,
'Twill break your very hearts to hear.

2.

A Lady (as my ſtory ſaith)
Was bound within the bonds of faith
As faſt as Contract could unite
Unto a youthful noble Knight ;
But by her powerful Brother ſhe
Was forc'd to break this unity.

3.

She now is married to a rich
And very jealous Old man, which
Doth in her love take much delight,
But ſhe muſt ne're ſtir out of ſight ;
By all that look upon her he
Doth fear he ſhall cornuted be.

4.

The old man breaks his heart with fears,
The Knight doth waſte his ſoul in cares ;
The Lady ſpends her time in tears,
Her Brother courts a friend of hers ;
And being now a Lover ſtrong,
Repents he did his Siſter wrong.

5.

Her Brother and his Love are now
United by a laſting vow,
The gallant Bridegroom and his Bride
Do for the Nuptial day provide ;

The Knights revenge was grown ſo great,
He could not make it to retreat.

6.

But ſhe that ſhould have been his wife
Doth grow ſo weary of her life,
That ſhe reſolves to eat no food
Or ſuſtenance to do her good,
Till famine ceiſe on all her parts;
Thus broken vows make broken hearts.

7.

The Knight a challenge ſends to him,
Who now in ſeas of joyes do ſwim,
And bids him meet without delay
The morning of his wedding day;
Or elſe he vow'd for all his harms
To kill him in his Ladies arms.

8.

The Bridegroom meets him, and they fight,
But the undaunted daring Knight
Fill'd with revenge doth charge him ſo,
That he in his own blood doth flow;
Thus in a moment here you have
A Bride-bed turn'd into a Grave.

9.

When this report abroad was blaz'd,
The woful Bride being much amaz'd,
Tears off the wedding garment, which
Her body lately did enrich;
Her heart o'recharg'd with grief, ſhe cry'd,
We'l meet above, and ſo ſhe dy'd.

10.

The Bridegrooms ſiſter which before
Had made a vow to feed no more,
Being in ſeas of ſorrows drown'd,
She throws her ſelf upon the ground;
Saying it cannot be withſtood,
But broken vows muſt end in blood.

11.

Theſe words ſhe had no ſooner ſpoke,
But inſtantly her heart was broke;
The Knight with hands in blood imbrued
Is now by Officers purſued,
And in his Chamber they at laſt
Do finde him with his door lockt faſt.

12.

They break it open, and there finde,
The ſaddeſt ſight is left behinde;
For when they in the Chamber come,
They finde him naked in the room,
Where every vein from head to foot
He with his knife had newly cut.

13.

Much like a fountain there he ſtood,
For all his limbs were ſpouts of blood;
But when his veins did ceaſe to ſwell,
He dyed, and down the fountain fell;
Thus doth one broken vow devour
The lives and precious blood of four.

14.

May this a warning prove to all,
Whoſe Vows are Matrimoniall;

Look e're you leap, for having vow'd,
The breach can never be allow'd;
For you may well diſcern by this,
A Contract broke, like Murther is.

A merry Marriage: A Stratagem.

Tune, *Do but view this glaſs of Claret.*

1.

THis new Song that I would ſell you
Some ſuppoſe is very true,
Where 'twas done I may not tell you,
Time will bring it to your view;
What I mean now to reveal you,
Is both witty, queint, and new.

2.

In a place as yet unplunder'd
An old Uſurer did dwell,
Who took fifty in the hunderd,
Some can by experience tell;
But his ſon in Taverns thunder'd,
And did ſtrow't abroad as well:

3.

Young and handſome, bred a Scholar,
Never free from Tavern ſcores,
But his Father full of doſor
Turns my Gallant out of doors;
Swearing in a cruel choller,
That he ſpent his means with whores.

4.

He beſides him had a Daughter,
Young and lovely, fair and bright,
She was worth the looking after,
For her Portion was not light;
But the trick that's worth your laughter,
Will appear anon at night.

5.

Not far off a Widow dwelt that
Was both pretty, young and wiſe,
This old fellow quickly ſmelt that
She would prove a golden prize;
In his clean Ruff, and his Felt Hat
He to her a wooing hyes.

6.

Such good entertainment ſhe made,
That he thought ſhe was his own;
But the wanton ſon that he had
Came as ſoon as he was gone,
Told her plainly he ſhould be mad,
If ſhe would not hear his moân.

7.

When ſhe ſaw his youth and feature
To be confident and kinde,
She did covet much the creature,
But his wildeneſs chang'd her minde;
And contrary to her nature
Said he ſhould no favour finde.

8.

This did quite confound the Lover,
But her kinſman was his friend: Who

Who unto him did diſcover
What a plot he did intend;
I know what (quoth he) ſhall move her,
And ſhall gain her in the end.

9.

Soon at night do you come hither,
If you will the Widdow wed,
You ſhall all night lye beneath her,
Cloſe conveigh'd under her bed;
When you are ſo near together,
Ten to one you will be ſped:

10.

But before you come I'le ſwear you,
Though you lye upon the lurch,
That you honeſtly will bear you,
Till you both have been at Church,
Elſe revenge I vow ſhall tear you
Ten times more then brine and birch.

11.

To this plot they both conſented,
But another plot's in hand,
A poor Knight is diſcontented
For the morgage of his Land;
For it ſeems the devil ſent it
Unto this old Miſer's hand.

12.

This Knight with money doth deſire it,
But becauſe the day is paſt,
This Curmudgeon doth require it
As a forfeiture at laſt;

But his Daughter doth admire
The patience of the Knight ſo croſt.

13.

She's in love and dares not ſhew it,
By her Brother ſhe was betray'd;
For by him the Knight doth know it,
Who with love ſalutes the Maid;
She doth well conſent unto it,
The Match at midnight muſt be made.

14.

Therefore he doth thus adviſe her,
To the widows you ſhall go,
For your Brother will ſurprize her,
E're the morning comes I know;
Bring my Morgage, leſt your wiſer
Father plot our overthrow.

15.

All is done, and now the morning
Through the widdows window peeps,
He provided 'gainſt all ſcorning,
Out into her Chamber creeps;
She cryes out, whilſt he is turning
To her to ſecure her lips:

16.

There he vows if ſhe will marry,
He'l become a civil man,
But if not, ſhe ſhall miſcarry
In her reputation;
For he ſwears he there will tarry,
Till her credit's quite undone.

17.

He calls up his Friend and Siſter
To be witneſs to the Match,
Who but for this trick had miſt her,
For he caught her on the Catch;
There before them all he kiſt her,
To the Church they all diſpatch.

18.

When the Uſurer did hear that
He was cheated of his wife,
And his Daughter, he did ſwear that
He would ſtrait reform his life;
Then he bids them joy, and prayes that
Their midnight Match may know no ſtrife.

The happy Adventure, or the witty Lady: A ſtory.

Tune, *Wert thou much fairer then thou art.*

1.

ALL you that Wit and Beauty know,
Give ear to me, and I will ſhew
A *Witty Fair-one* that can fit
Your mindes with Beauty and with Wit;
She was a Virgin not inthrall'd,
And commonly *Maria* call'd.

2.

Fair *Iſabel* was one that ſhe
Had lov'd even from her infancy,

Who

Which was betroathed to a quick
And nimble youth, call'd *Frederick*;
Who for a chance which often doth
Befall, refus'd to keep his oath.

3.

Her Brother was a Merchant, and
Had all her portion in his hand,
A man of judgement, wealth and wit,
And went himself to sea with it;
But certain news came in a day,
He and his ship was cast away.

4.

Her portion by mischance thus gone,
She must no more be lookt upon,
For *Frederick* will make't appear,
He lov'd her money more then her;
Thus in one day she must forego
A Brother and a Husband too.

5.

He doth begin to love each grace
That dwells in fair *Maria*'s face,
Her wit and beauty (both combin'd)
So strangely captivate his minde;
That he sollicites night and day
The Lady in a lustful way.

6.

His last request she answers thus,
Sir, what will people speak of us,
If't should be known, as 'twill (quoth she)
If I at last with childe should be?

He anſwers ſtraight (to quit all fear)
E're that be known he'l marry her.

7.

She bids him come at night, and ſhe
Will entertain him ſecretly;
Quoth ſhe, if juſt at ten you'l wait,
You ſhall come through the garden gate:
One pair of ſtairs you cannot miſs,
Next to the Bower my Chamber is.

8.

There we in darkneſs both muſt lye,
You'l finde no other light but I;
And in the morning when the day
Appears you muſt make haſte away,
Leſt Viſitants do come to me,
And make a ſad diſcovery.

9.

He takes his leave of her, but then
Each hour is twenty until ten;
No other thoughts come in his head,
But fair *Maria* and the bed,
And ſhe as buſie is in thought,
How this to paſs may well be brought.

10.

Her pureſt linnen ſhe does ſpread,
Perfum'd and pleaſant for the bed;
The night grows dark, that none can ſee,
The hour is come, and ſo is he:
Now what they do I dare not tell,
I fear you all can gueſs too well.

11.

In ſilence all the night was paſt,
And both do fall aſleep at laſt;
The morning's come, the ſun doth riſe,
And now he views his Miſtreſs eyes;
But when he had ſurvey'd her well,
'Twas his contracted *Iſabel*:

12.

This was the witty fair ones plot,
He ſwore and curſt, and up he got;
Maria doth the Muſick guide,
To bid good morrow to the Bride;
And every part o'th' Town doth tell,
That he hath married *Izabel*.

13.

He findes himſelf thus catcht, and he
In ſilence ſuffers it to be;
Maria with good news doth come,
Her Brother is come richly home;
And that the rumour of the wrack
(As it appears) was a miſtake.

14.

This proves great joy to *Izabel*,
Maria likes the news as well;
For 'twas well known that he and ſhe
Were Lovers e're he went to ſea:
His coming home hath rais'd them all,
Who did in deſperation fall.

15.

They meet, kiſs, and ſalute their loves,
One's ſoul in t'others body moves;

The joyes they have no tongue can tell,
But onely they that love as well;
The Marriage-day appointed is,
The first step to a Lovers bliss.

16.

You witty fair ones that are here,
Is not this project chaste and clear?
And was it not a noble end,
To pleasure a contracted friend?
Of all that Poets e're expreſt,
The *witty fair one* is the beſt.

The Royal Rant:
A Medley in Oliver's *time.*

BArre-boy ceaſe to roar,
We ſhall quaff no more,
When we think upon the dayes
Of *Love* and *Muſick*, *Loyalty* and *Playes*;
When Law and Reaſon
Were not high Treaſon,
'Twas a good ſeaſon than;
E're Parliaments
Brought theſe events,
'Twas fame enough to be an Engliſhman:
But Legiſlators,
And Regis-haters
Have brought ſuch ſlaughters ſince;
The Gentry
In priſons lye,
And finde it crime enough to be a Prince.

2.

In a dungeon deep we lye,
Crampt with cold Captivity,
Where the bedleſs bottom owns
Nothing to relieve our bones;
Yet ſuch is the ſacred ſcope of the ſoul,
That we never think
Of the ſtink,
When cold water we drink,
For Conſcience crowns the bowl.

3.

Thus the ſhip of Reformation,
That was lately lancht in blood,
Floats in flouds of lamentation;
Let us now behold the wood,
Where the Royal Oak once growing,
Made it a perpetual ſpring;
There ſedition now is ſowing,
Hark what *Philomel* doth ſing.

4.

The Nightingale ſo quick,
Is now grown ſick, ſick, ſick,
To ſee the Royal vocal Wood,
So bonny and good, good good,
Where each bonny Bird did meet
With concord ſweet, ſweet ſweet,
Is defil'd by Rebels, where they hug
Their Leaguer Lady,
Jug jug, jug jug jug jug jug jug jug.

5.

Thus you see how tydes are turning,
No condition's lasting,
In a moment mirth and mourning,
Blowing buds are blasting;
Fortune is
A coy Mistris,
No man ever kept her;
She'l (by power)
In an hour
Make a Sword a Scepter.

6.

Yet let us wait upon her wheel,
And not with fury fret her;
For she that turn'd from well to ill,
May turn from bad to better.

7

Therefore *Barre-boy* roar agen,
We will drink like Englishmen,
For every Pottle bring up ten;
I hope this is no Treason:
He that is
In a Land like this,
Must lay aside his Reasou.

8.

Then let us drink a Health to his fame,
Who for our tongues we dare not name,
Who for a Throne we dare not own;
But wee'll devise a curse likewise
Upon the State-Hector, the People's Pro-jector,

May all they have done come home to their own *Drawer!* Bring up your Wine, and fill up your Pots, For we are the Men that have no Plots.

The Frollick.

A Medley of three Airs.

I.

A Qualm comes over me, Drawer bring
Up a Quart of Canary;
We will drink till our eyes
Out-ſparkle the Skies,
And make the full Moon miſcarry;
For ſince Canary will be a King,
This Room ſhall be a Star-Chamber,
'Cauſe the Glaſs in the cloſe
At every man's Noſe,
Reflects on his Brow like Amber:
But where are the Moon and Stars,
Alas! they have loſt their light;
We'l drink them up
T'other Cup,
Canary can fix 'em right:
Canary can conquer *Mars*,
And tumble his Target down;
What he can do
Who doth know,
'Till he gets in the Crown.

Why

2.

Why ſhould we heartleſs be,
But look up unto
Wine, and the wonders Canary can do;
Let us dance after chance
Like fairy Elves,
Drink down misfortune, and drink up our ſelves;
Drink till the hogſheads reel
One againſt t'other,
Then like right Stateſmen we'l
Drink one another:
All the chink
That we drink
Springs in our Meadows,
We ne're quaff
The tears of
Orphans and Widdows.

3.

'Tis but folly
To be formal holy,
Let's be jolly,
Hang up melancholy;
They that reprove us
Did never love us,
But would remove us,
That they might be above us:
Then let us tarry,
Leſt we miſcarry,
If we but vary
Our Principle Canary;

Although they ſcant us,
This ſhall not daunt us,
Though they out-vaunt us,
They never ſhall out-rant us.

The Jubilee, on the Coronation day.
Tune, The King enjoyes his own again.

1.

LEt every man with tongue and pen
Rejoyce that *Charles* is come agen,
To gain his Scepter and his Throne,
And give to every man his own;
Let all men that be
Together agree,
And freely now expreſs their joy:
Let your ſweeteſt voices bring
Pleaſant Songs unto the King,
To Crown his Coronation day.

2.

All that do tread on Engliſh earth
Shall live in freedom, peace and mirth;
The golden times are come, that we
Did one day think we ne're ſhould ſee:
Protector and Rump
Did put us in a dump,
When they their Colours did diſplay;
But the time is come about,
We are in, and they are out,
By King *Charles* his Coronation day.

FINIS.

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edit. 1793.

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Rejoice that Charles is come agen.

Muſick & Poetry / mixed in Variety of / Son
Poems, / Conſiſting of Love, Honour, Valley, and
Compared by Tho. Jordan.
Whilst guilty Greatneſs doth high Trophies ra
Poor Poets are content with Bread and Barge
London / printed for the Author. /

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"A new Droll, or the Counter Scuffle 2d part; acted in the middle of High-Lent, between the Goalers & the Prisoners. very pleasant and delightful. By J. [q. S.] Jordan, Gent. London printed for the Readers Recreation 1663 4to

(This poem is in the manner of the Kaysbench & Counter Scuffle)